

"Be Sure That Your Ticket Reads, Tropico!"

"Don't Overlook Tropico, Look It Over"

"Tropico, the City 'tween the Towering Hills"

THE TROPICO SENTINEL

Devoted to Tropico the San Fernando Valley and Southern California

VOL. IV

TROPICO CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18 1914

No. 45

HEY FELLERS! FRIDAY'S CIRCUS DAY! THE BIG PARADE WILL BE AT 10 A. M.

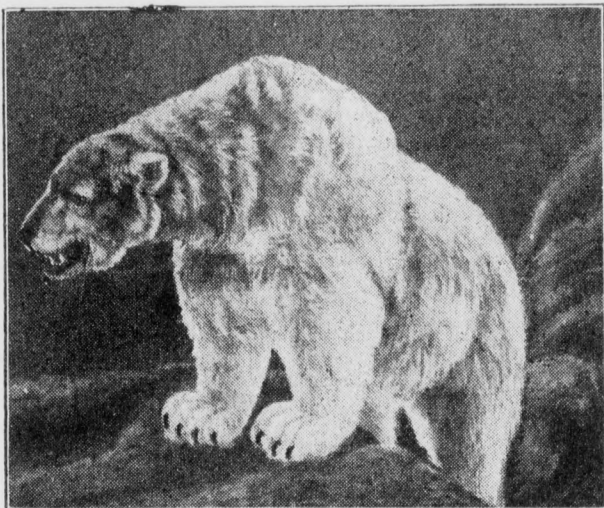
**BARNES' CIRCUS WILL ARRIVE
BRIGHT AND EARLY AND WILL
UNLOAD AT THE TROPICO
AVENUE CROSSING**

Friday will be circus day in Glendale. The Al. G. Barnes big three-ring wild animal circus is coming, and will give two performances on Friday, at Sixth street and Glendale avenue, Glendale.

Practically the entire entertainment provided by this show is given by the use of educated animals—600 in number—animals of almost every known species. The show is still a circus, however—a circus from which all tiresome and objectionable features have

Harry, juggling horse-riding sea lions; Sampson, the aviation lion, that rides to the top of the tent surrounded by shooting skyrockets; Big Bill, the wrestling grizzly; Mile. Florine and troupe of Persian leopards, jaguars and pumas; Mabel Stark and group of Royal Bengal and Siberian tigers; the horse-riding lions and bears; high-diving dogs and monkeys, and the Barnes' troupe of educated world's premium horses and ponies—550 of them.

The big sensational, thrilling spectacle of the program is the group of twenty-four man-eating African lions shown in one act by Herr Louis Roth.



"BIG BEN" Wrestling Grizzly with Al G. Barnes Show

been eliminated, but which retains the many traditional elements that for years have made the circus the most popular form of entertainment.

For instance, there are innumerable equestrians, acrobats, jugglers, tumblers, high divers, bareback riders, etc. The performers are animals, yet their work is done with as much, or even greater proficiency than one is accustomed to see in the human.

Prominent among the great feature acts presented are Tom, Dick and

These lions are valued at \$50,000, and represent the greatest wild animal act ever known.

Fifty comedy elephants, bears, monkeys, dogs, goats, ponies, together with Danger, Dynamite and Mileamint—mules, provide the laughs of the entertainment.

A new big feature, mile-long parade, in which four bands play, is presented to the public at 10:30. Performances are given at 2 and 8 p. m. Doors open at 1 and 7 o'clock.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEET IN REGULAR WEEKLY SESSION

**RESIDENTS OF ACACIA AVENUE
APPEAR AND STATE TO THE
BOARD THE PROS AND CONS
OF OPENING THAT AVENUE**

Meeting was called to order at 7 p. m. Trustee Conrad absent. After the reading of the previous minutes the regular order of business was taken up.

A communication asking for extra lights on South San Fernando road was read and referred to the public works committee.

Health officer was instructed to look up dead animal in alley on Tropico avenue.

A note from H. W. Myers asking that his name be taken from the petition for opening Acacia avenue.

The trustees were notified by the Railroad Commission that the recent election had removed the necessity of holding special elections for the purpose of transferring its powers over utilities to that commission.

City Clerk informed the board of mistakes in ordinance offered in regards to opening of Acacia avenue. The matter was laid over until next meeting.

The fire chief was authorized to purchase lumber for use in fire room. Mr. Newton of the Superior Electric Co. of Glendale appeared and offered a contract for furnishing bulbs for street lights.

Mr. Green appeared and asked that lights be placed in his neighborhood. The matter was referred to the Board of Public Works.

Health officer reported that for the past three months there had been no complaints of notice pertaining to unsanitary conditions; that there had been no contagious diseases and that he was highly pleased with every condition existing under his direction.

HUGH POWELL GRAVES BECOMES A K. P.

**THIRD AND FINAL RANK IS CON-
FERRED ON CANDIDATE AT
K. P. MEETING**

Monday evening, regular meeting night of the Knights of Pythias, Hugh Powell Graves passed his third night of initiation and is now a full fledged knight in the order of Knights of Pythias, a member of Visar lodge No. 293, Tropico, Cal.

The hall was crowded with members and visitors. This third rank always attracts the visitors, being the best and most interesting part of the ritual work, and the Tropico team is the best in the valley, having held the banner one year for points. Not alone is the work excellent, but the boys in charge always make this night a memorable one by tendering a banquet to the newly initiated candidate, provided he is physically able to be in attendance.

At this banquet all visitors and members are invited to make a speech, and it is an opportunity seldom overlooked by many.

P. E. O.'S ARE PLEASED ONLY ENTERTAINED

Last Friday the P. E. O.'s were entertained at the home of Mrs. Stephenson on Central avenue. A 1 o'clock luncheon was followed by a business meeting, after which Mrs. Tribune of Hollywood read a paper on the "Ob ject and Aim of the P. E. O.'s." This paper was the same that was read at the P. E. O. convention, held at Glendale last June.

After the reading several musical numbers were given. The afternoon proved to be highly enjoyed by all who attended.

CITY TELEPHONES

City Clerk, N. C. Burch
Sunset, Glendale 300

Treasurer, S. E. Brown
Sunset, Glendale 300

Marshal, Chas. Smith
Sunset, Glendale 935
Home, Glendale 143

NIGHT CALL
Sunset, Glendale 919

Engineer, F. V. Ashton
Sunset, Glendale 935

Recorder, Geo. C. Melrose
Sunset, Glendale 935

Library, C. H. Cushing
Sunset, Glendale 857

IN CASE OF FIRE
Fire Chief, J. W. Gould
Sunset, Glendale 800

NIGHT CALL
Sunset, Glendale 773-J
And give nearest street corner

BURBANK CITY MARSHAL IS SHOT DOWN BY MEXICAN HOBOS

**MURDERERS OF MARSHAL COUL-
SON OF BURBANK ARE APPRE-
HENDED BY DEPUTY
SHERIFF WRIGHT**

Tuesday afternoon, Deputy Sheriff Harry Wright, at the head of a posse, took into custody three Mexicans who were supplied with guns and ammunition. They were taken to Los Angeles and after direct questioning they stated that they were camped at a spot near Burbank, when Marshal Coulson appeared and began shooting over their heads. They became frightened and returned the fire, killing him.

Marshal Coulson was shot from ambush Monday evening and died early Tuesday morning.

Occasionally we see a war extra that has some real war news in it.

The King Is Fled! Long Live the King!

By MOSS.

SYLLA, the Roman dictator, abdicated in 79 B. C.

From that time down through the whirl of history's pages many sovereigns have joined the DOWN and OUT CLUB.

For instance, just to brush up your memory, Charles V. quit as emperor of Spain in 1555.

King James II. of England fled in 1688, and Napoleon was tumbled off his pedestal in 1815.

Some rulers went VOLUNTARILY; some were FORCED OUT.

ABDICATION generally COMES HARD. There's the case of HUERTA, for example.

But the hardest monarch to eradicate is HABIT.

HABIT may be a GOOD ruler of one's life or the WORST possible.

The CARELESS, RAPID FIRE METHOD OF READING NEWSPAPERS IS A SLOVENLY HABIT. If you have it STOP IT.

Read this paper THOROUGHLY. It takes EARNED THOUGHT, TIME and MONEY TO PRODUCE IT. Our business men spend THOUSANDS in it to keep you POSTED and EARN YOUR TRADE.

Turning a CARELESS HABIT into a CAREFUL HABIT will prove a PAYING REFORMATION.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFOR- NIA BUILDING BOND ACT CARRIES

**UNIVERSITY OUTLINES PLANS
FOR NEW BUILDINGS TO BE
ERECTED AT ONCE**

BERKELEY, Cal.—News of the victory of the University bonds by a majority of over 140,000 in the recent election has aroused the enthusiasm of the college community to a higher pitch than any event of recent year. Only those who are in close touch with the University and its work can understand fully the possibilities of growth and service that are now to be realized, and students and faculty unite in returning thanks to the people for their overwhelming vote of confidence and generosity.

With the money from the bonds, the University will become the largest and best-equipped institution of its kind in America—a model for state-supported colleges throughout the country. Thousands of people who voted favorably on the bond question through no other reason than their detached friendship for the cause of learning will come to know how intimately the future progress and development of the state, affecting every section and every interest, is bound up with the success of the University.

From the returns that are now available, it seems likely that the bonds have been approved by a majority of the voters in every California county. The cities, where it was feared indifference might be a strong factor in the election, gave the proposition a splendid vote. In San Francisco the majority was at the rate of two and one-half to one, while in the county of Los Angeles the bonds carried by more than 30,000 votes.

Work will be commenced upon the new buildings soon after the beginning of the new year, and within three years the campus will be the pride of every Californian. The unsightly rectilinear building known as North Hall, which has been in use for nearly half a century, will have been torn away and replaced by a new granite and steel structure in conformity with the general architectural plan. The partially finished Doe Library will be built up according to the original plans.

The needs of the Department of Agriculture will be cared for through two more granite buildings in the construction of one and possibly "Agricultural Group," where hereafter all of the branches of this department will be housed, instead of occupying cramped quarters in attics and made-over horsehoses, as at present. Facilities for an almost endless extension of the correspondence courses in Agriculture, which are now reaching tens of thousands of people, will be provided in the new buildings. It is planned to make this bureau one of the most thorough and valuable adjuncts of the Greater University.

Finally, there is to be erected one wing of what will eventually be a great Chemistry Building, where every facility for instruction in this science will be provided. When these improvements are completed, California may justly lay claim to proprietorship of one of the greatest universities in America, not only in size and numbers but in beauty and service.

Full credit for this achievement must be given to the people, who responded so loyally to the University's appeal. In gratitude for this response, there is abroad on the campus a desire to make the University's work return many times over to the state the full value of this investment that the state has authorized.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Retts are rejoicing over the arrival of a 10-pound boy at their home, Nov. 4. Wm. Morse Retts is the youngster's name, and he bids fair to become—no doubt, president.

It hurts our national pride to have the news for American papers censored by a foreigner.

Tropico "The City Beautiful"

Written by G. C. Henderson and Robt. A. Oliver

This story is published in book form and copies can be secured at this office. Send the book or copies of paper back home, they might be the means of bringing new people to Tropico.

Come to Tropico. Here you will inhale into your whole body the freshness of the spirit of Spring, the loveliness of the spirit of Summer, the peacefulness of the spirit of Autumn, the strength of the spirit of Winter; while your cares will fade away like the last rays of the sun.—Bob Oliver.

At the gate of the San Fernando valley, five miles north, as the crow flies, of the old Mission Church, fronting the Pueblo Plaza in Los Angeles, lie the confines of the little city of Tropico.

More than forty years ago an old government surveyor tells of descending from a mesa into a beautiful meadow, verdant with grass, live oaks, alders, eucalyptus, peppers, sycamores and willows, and abounding with game, and here in this same beautiful meadow the seeker for a home of contentment and quiet will find Tropico. The game has gone, and the wild grass with it, but in its stead there lies under the soft, warming sun, hundreds of vine-covered dwellings, scores of velvety lawns, flowers of every description, and fields of tender, palatable plants. Only the old mountains and the encircling hills defy the ravages of civilization and retain their primal ruggedness.

The sky is swept by men in aerial crafts from nearby hangers; the earth is pulsing with the pap to feed human kind; the water is sucked clean to quench the thirst of man, beast and plants; but those bare black hills, strong like the lined face of a great unshaven warrior, are left unchanged.

History

The history of Tropico begins in 1542, when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed up the coast, entered the Bay of San Diego, and, landing, he was the first European to set foot on California soil. He then sailed into San Pedro Bay, and from there he probably obtained his first view of the present site of Tropico, but it was two centuries later before any white man entered the valley in which the city is situated.

And then came the period of California under the rule of the Jesuits and Dominicans, and later the Franciscans. Tropico did not exist then, but the site on which it was built stood, inhabited by Indians being civilized by Padres, who were the bone and sinew of early industrial growth in California, and upon whom rests the responsibility for those ancient Catholic missions. In those days Santa Jose Marie Verdugo ruled over 300,000 acres, part of which was the site of Tropico. He was a short little Spaniard, who spoke much of the days of his glory when he had come over from Spain with the Fathers as a Corporal of a Mission guard. In that period it was known as the Rancho San Rafael, which extended from Old Pueblo north to the peak of the Sierra Madres, beyond the Verdugo mountains, and was part of the old land grant from the Spanish crown in 1784. Santa Jose Maria Verdugo was a typical Spanish gentleman, and scorned land titles and surveys, and in selling land would determine its boundaries by a sweep of the hand—"From here to there," he would say.

He could use his land for nothing but grazing, according to the terms of his grant, and the Indians were not to be disturbed. The mountains were full of deer, the streams were silvery with the glint of swimming fish, and the red man was happy in his lodge, so the Spaniard had no reason to disturb the peaceful scene with schemes for getting food and drink.

Then there came a time when the deer no longer went down into the meadow to feed; when the game birds rose and winged to the safety of mountain heights to escape the deadly shotgun and rifle. Civilization ran a rude forefinger through the gateway of the San Fernando Valley, and in the path thus formed swept the tide of men, women and children who must have homes, food and clothing.

The Rancho San Rafael was held by the doughty Spaniard until 1871, when it was partitioned. Among the new owners was Benjamin Dreyfus, who bought his land at 25 cents per acre.

Continued on Page 2

WRITE A LETTER TO FRIENDS IN THE EAST

**PRIZES TO BE OFFERED BY LOS
ANGELES CITY AND COUNTY
BEAUTIFYING COMMITTEE**

Letters to the East setting forth reasons for visiting California's great expositions in 1915, and viewing the charms of Los Angeles city and county, will be worth money if they are cleverly written, following action taken by the 1915 General Committee.

Twenty-nine prizes, aggregating \$500 and ranging from \$5 to \$100, are to be offered for the best letters. The contest will be open to all, old and young, in city or county. The details will be announced soon by the special committee having the matter in charge.

Official sanction has been given the general fall planting day, November 27, the Friday after Thanksgiving.

J. L. Matthews, of the Beautifying Los Angeles County Committee, has reported that the board of county supervisors had assured him that the cash prizes, aggregating nearly \$20,000, for the best floral decorative work in the county, will be awarded as originally announced.

One-half of the 3,600 rose trellises for the county boulevards have been placed, with indications that all will be set up and the roses planted by Christmas.

You needn't rejoice Johnny, for although a number of teachers have been stranded in Europe there will be enough to run all schools this fall.

TROPICO A JOBBING CENTER FOR VALLEY

**TROPICO MERCANTILE COMPANY
BRANCHES INTO WHOLE-
SALE FIELD**

That Tropico was an ideal place for a jobbing center has been common for some time, but that Tropico is a jobbing center now and has been for several months past, is not generally known. It is. For several months the Tropico Mercantile Co. has served in that capacity, and the business is growing steadily every week. Nearby merchants have found that they can get what they want, when they want it, and at Los Angeles prices, and still help to build up the valley.

The Tropico Mercantile Co., in its progressiveness, realizing that in helping themselves they would help the entire valley and be the helping means to a bigger and better Tropico, established the jobbing department as a tryout and have found that their efforts have not come to naught. As business permits they will branch farther in their new departure.

MAGNOLIA SCHOOL TO GIVE SOCIAL

There will be a sociable at the Magnolia Street school, Saturday evening, Nov. 21, from 7 to 9 o'clock. A program will be given by the pupils. Ice cream and cake, popcorn and candy will be served for the benefit of the school.

"Don't Overlook Tropico, Look it Over"

THE TROPICO SENTINEL

Published every Wednesday at Tropico, California and devoted to the best interests and future welfare of the most beautiful city in the San Fernando Valley. Come and see for yourself

A. J. Van Wie Editor and Proprietor
Telephone Glendale 930

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

Subscription, One Year \$1.50
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SOME RUM BATTLE By WILLIAM C. ANDERSON

From all reports of the recent elections, Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Nevada and Arizona have gone as dry as the orator Cleomedes. They have gone some dry.

In other words these states turned their heavy siege guns onto booze while the liquor interests battled back with cash registers and billboards.

California has the siege guns, but because of lack of organization she couldn't find the range.

This is the real result:

Thousands of brewery wagon drivers, barkeepers, whiskey salesmen, ex-saloonkeepers, rush-the-can artists and gamblers are retreating over the boundary lines into California. We will have to take care of whiskey's wounded warriors.

Right over our warm hills they come in broken regiments, battle-worn and battle-weary and with their bottles on their hips. Into fair California—the Red Cross Nurse for the liquor wounded from our neighboring states. On they come—some in rags but most in silken gowns—to make their last stand with their victorious ally. And they have brought their battle cry with them—Destruction of Personal Liberty.

To their battle cry they will add Destruction of Our Wine Industry, Gibbon's Enology on Temperance, Lee's Temperance vs. Prohibition, The Wedding Feast of Cana with Mr. Sbaroro's compliments, the letters of the American Consuls in the wine-whipped nations of bloody Europe—from the vineyards of trenches, turpentine, starving soldiers, fleeing women and awe-stricken babes.

The liquor interests of California put up their very best battle. From a viewpoint of action it was a grand battle. They were armed to the teeth, were exceptionally well organized and, not unlike the North in the Civil War, they had the funds. And, while they didn't have the support of the press, they didn't have its opposition. The press was the neutral nation in the premises. The big scare was the two big Zepelins—the San Diego and San Francisco coming expositions. These coming events played an unwilling part. The good folks of California feared for the success of these world-heralded events.

By 1916, the exposition arguments will have dropped into the forgotten past. The opponents of cleanliness and decency will have to hellow from the billboards.

Quotations from the Constitution of the United States can no longer be dragged in the mire of indecency.

Bible quotations, texts, and holy pictures will have passed from the hand of rum. They cannot be used with any degree of safety by any interests that are bent on lowering the standard of American manhood for selfish gain. 'Tis a dangerous business, despicable, shocking, outrageous.

The personal liberty argument is silly when offered by sodden barkeepers who never gave a man his money's worth, never enjoyed personal liberty and never enjoyed a holiday unless the people of the state made laws that insured them a day off by making it unlawful for them to do business on Sunday and election day. Their only personal liberty is enforced law. The law chases them from their business on certain days and they are incompetent to testify. Their testimony wouldn't be permissible before a jury.

It would seem that California, being bounded on the north and east by non-whiskey dealing states, will become set for either of two things: It will become sodden with rum or it will rise above its promised rum-ridden future.

The vote in California having been so close it would appear that now is the time to sell stock in breweries, make vineyards into wheat fields, beer kegs into rain barrels, and cocktail glasses into lamp chimneys.

Temperance advocates, Prohibitions, rum merchants, and distillers are all fighting on the same firing line and they don't know it. They are all blazing away at the same evil.

With \$20,000,000 being sent out of this state every year for pork, those interested in the commercial and agricultural development of the state are wondering why the California farmer doesn't go in for more hog-raising than he does. They figure that in view of the fact that California's population has steadily increased in the last five years while the amount of home-raised pork has steadily decreased, it should be much to the California farmer's interest to have this \$20,000,000 spent at home rather than in Oregon, Kansas, Nebraska and other states.

The climate of the state of California lends itself in every particular to the successful and economical production of pork—an advantage which more than offsets any disadvantage in which the home farmer may be placed by California's small corn crop. Moreover, for the successful production of pork, corn is not the absolute essential believed by many, as agricultural college reports show. Barley, California has in abundance, and experiments show that pork can be produced as cheaply by feeding alfalfa and barley as on corn. Tests made by the Colorado Agricultural college show that from pens of ten pigs each, fed on various rations, the lot that stood

number two in the most production of gain was fed on California feed barley.

A surplus of alfalfa and barley exists in many parts of the state and prices are not always satisfactory to the farmer. Barley and alfalfa will produce splendid gains of hard finished pork at low cost, experts declare; and with tests showing that pork can be produced at home at 5 cents a pound, and with fat hogs selling at 10 cents a pound live weight in San Francisco—the highest price right now in the union—a rich opportunity for the California farmer is seen.

Alfalfa is declared to be the leading hog forage on the Pacific Coast, but it is in reality a maintenance ration for pigs, as, alone, it is not a fat making food because of the insufficiency of fat and carbohydrates, though these latter can easily be added in such feeds as barley, corn meal, or, to a limited degree, even in corn stover, sorghum or millet.

The California farmer has the benefit of experiments at the California Agricultural station at Davis, which, experts declare, is another point in his favor, should he decide to go in more extensively for hog production.

Tropico, "The City Beautiful"

Continued from Page 1

In 1884 a portion of the Dreyfus tract was bought by a syndicate and divided into lots of 10, 20 and 40 acres. Four hundred acres of this land now lies in the city limits of Tropico, where land sells by the square foot instead of by the acre.

In 1861 700 acres, part of which is now in the southern part of the city, was bought by W. C. B. Richardson at 50 cents to \$5.00 an acre.

The days when the mission churches were the centres of civilization gradually changed, and this little California beauty spot found itself under a new regime, with modern ideas replacing those of half a century before, and with a great city extending its arms for more and more territory.

The land which had been syndicated was well sold out by 1887, and it was in this year that C. B. Erskine, John Erskine, Hezekiah Jarvis and Albion Chandler laid out the townsite of Tropico. Among others whose names are associated with this period are Levi Riley, Samuel Ayers, Edward Ayers, Isaac Clippinger and a farmer named Hollingsworth.

The first name given this city was Ethelden, later changed to Mason, and in 1886 the Southern Pacific company suggested the name of Tropico, and this was officially adopted.

In 1887, during the boom days, the people raised \$40,000 and constructed a terminal railroad from Los Angeles to Verdugo canyon. This road still exists, and is owned by the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railway.

After the boom days of '87, the growth was slower, until in 1904 the residents began working for an electric railroad from Los Angeles, and got it. Then more stores began to go up. The first brick building was erected in 1905 by John A. Logan, being located at San Fernando road and Central avenue. In 1911 a bank was established, and early in the same year Tropico was incorporated as a city of the sixth class with a population of 1,000. The first Board of Trustees consisted of C. C. Rittenhouse, president; Elkanah W. Richardson, John Hobbs, Leigh Bancroft and Daniel Webster, with Stewart M. Street as clerk. John A. Logan was treasurer and J. E. Shuey, recorder.

A Trip to Tropico

The ride on the electric car from Los Angeles to Tropico is one of the most beautiful scenic rides to be found anywhere.

Leaving the station in Los Angeles, the car takes you through some of the business section of that city, and as you sit back on the comfortable, upholstered seat, with mind and body relaxed, you gaze out upon that never-ending procession—the whirling throng that rolls and tumbles along on the great highway of life. In a few minutes the city's grind is left behind, and you are being carried safely and swiftly past ever entrancing scenery. You behold noble hills, covered to their tops with green forests, and your nostrils are greeted with the aromatic odor of a hundred different growing wild flowers; tall, grim, old rocks lift their bald heads far, far toward the heavens, in all the sublimity of solemn grandeur; cottages are nestling amid shrubbery and clustering trees; the hills spread away in flowing, undulating lines, dipping in the distance with many a sylvan grace—and all basking with beauty in the sun.

Suddenly the car swings around the hills, and the heavy walls of the Sierra mountains appear, rising like thunder clouds above the San Fernando valley. At the foot of the hills, bathed in the sunshine, extends, far up the valley, a flat velvety meadow of the freshest green, and dotted over it, in lines and groups, rise the great pepper and eucalyptus trees and the cities of this famous valley, Tropico, in a setting of green, in the foreground. It is such a green paradise the valley offers to the gaze of everyone who enters therein, and the picture possesses a charm which only he who first beholds it can fully realize, while in the vision of the valley below you is a soft, sweet delicacy which breathes almost of the celestial, and makes one feel unconscious of aught save the panorama of loveliness before him, and it is a picture never to be forgotten.

While you are admiring the sublimity and grandeur of the scenery, the conductor calls out "Tropico Avenue." After stepping from the car, you look at your watch. It has taken just twenty minutes to make the trip. You can hardly believe that it was only twenty minutes ago that we were in the center of the hustling and bustling busy streets of Los Angeles. What a change! Your gaze wanders first to the City Hall, just across the street.

This is only a part of the story the balance will appear in our next issues

Business Is Good

The Place
of
Quality
Service and Price

Tropico Mercantile Co

Hotel Blend Coffee
25c lb.

It is the equal of any competing 30c blend and many 35 centers

Cor. San Fernando Road
and Central Avenue
Sunset Phone, Glendale 19
Home Phone 554

SEWING MACHINES

New Singer or Wheeler & Wilson Machines, small weekly or monthly payments. Liberal discount for cash. Cleaning and repairing all makes. Needles for all makes. Headquarters for Singer Oil. Sewing Machine crates furnished to people moving away. Uphams Singer Shop, 1020 W. Broadway, Glendale, Sunset phone 656 R.

Ring up Young, the repair man, 211 No. Brand Boulevard—Sunset 255-W.

If your lawn mower needs sharpening.

If your gas stove or water heater needs repairing or cleaning.

If you want a stove, heater or boiler connected.

If your water faucets leak.

If you need gas piping or water piping.

If you want to save money and buy a second-hand gas stove, water heater, boiler, cook stove, oil or gasoline stove.

All Work Guaranteed.

FOR RENT—Desk room with telephone privileges in Sentinel office.

SECOND SEASON IN GLENDALE

Cannaday's School for Dancing, Masonic Temple Hall, every Saturday afternoon and evening. Private lessons by appointment.

FOR SALE—Dining, kitchen and library tables, dining chairs and other furniture, 601 Gardena Ave.

WANTED—Team work and plowing by day or acre. Also wood for sale. Jesse Wilson, 4025 W. Park.

LOST—Cameo breast pin on Eulalia street Thursday, Nov. 5th. Finder will please return to M. M. Cook, 219 S. Brand and receive reward.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, 120 So. Brand Blvd.

Mellicent Virden, pupil of Leschetizky, will receive pupils at 235 Mira Loma, Tropico. Phone Home 2381.

FOR SALE—Vacant lot, 64x170; nice residence street, 2 blocks from car line on Fairview avenue; lot 23, Fairview tract, Glendale; a snap if bought at once. Inquire at Sentinel office.

For Rent—Furnished rooms with board. 118 E. Tenth St. Phone 327-W.

For Rent—A seven-room furnished house on Glendale ave., \$25.00; well water. Hal Davenport, phone 381-J.

Wanted a lot in Tropico, near car line. Will pay cash but must be cheap. Leave word at Sentinel office.

PATENTS

trade marks and copyrights obtained or no fee. Send model, sketches or photos and description for FREE SEARCH and report on patentability. Bank references.

PATENTS BUILD FORTUNES for you. Our free booklets tell how, what to invent and save you money. Write today.

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Glendale FRIDAY, 20th Nov'mb'r

Remember the day and date
Mark it on your calendar
Show grounds 6th and Glendale Ave.


AL C. BARNES
BIG 3-RING WILD ANIMAL CIRCUS
 THE SHOW THAT'S DIFFERENT

600 ANIMAL ACTORS INCLUDING Elephants Camels Zebras Kangaroos Bears Lions Tigers Leopards Sea Lions Dogs Goats Monkeys Etc.	 24-LIONS-24 IN ONE ACT Most Sensational Wild Animal Spectacle Ever Witnessed ONLY REAL WILD ANIMAL CIRCUS ON EARTH EVERY ANIMAL A PERFORMER New Mile-Long Street Parade at 10:30 Two Performances Daily, 2 and 8 P. M. Doors Open, 1 and 7	65 Amazing Thrilling Wild Animal Acts and Features 550 World's Premium Horses and Ponies Every One An Actor 506 PEOPLE 40 ANIMAL CLOWNS
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Telegraphy Stenography Bookkeeping

School founded by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in 1907. S. P. Main Line Wires in School.

Largest Telegraph School and Commercial College on the Pacific Coast. Students come to us from every State in the Union.

We will arrange for free board and room in private homes for girls who are willing to assist with the work after school hours.

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GURKHAS' EXPLOIT AT NIGHT.

Went Behind German Lines and Blew Up Ammunition Park.

London. The Daily Mail's correspondent in Paris describes how the Gurkhas native Indian troops blew up a German ammunition park, thus causing some of the German coast batteries to move to the rear. He says:

"All the efforts of the allies artillery against these batteries had been unavailing and the Germans were causing severe losses when the air scouts located the ammunition stores seven miles behind the German lines."

"At night the Gurkha detachment embarked on gunboats, which proceeded to the mouth of the Yser, and after a long, silent march the Gurkhas reached the German ammunition stores, guarded by six sentries. Six silent figures moved toward them, each carrying a long knife. Then a sound, like the croaking of a frog, was heard, and the six sentries disappeared."

"Shortly afterward the general staff of the allies saw a great flash of light on the horizon and heard a great explosion, followed by countless others, as the shells and shrapnel in their cases exploded in all directions. The Gurkhas returned safely to the gunboats."

ROLLED PIANO IN STREETS.

Singer Demanded Delivery of One at Night, and She Got It.

New York. Many persons who passed through Forty-second street near Fifth avenue wondered why a piano was being pushed through the street by four men who looked like hotel porters. The reason was later disclosed. Mile. d'Albert, a young French singer, had needed a piano in order to try some new songs, but every piano in the hotel was in use.

Her distress was so apparent that some one sought the manager. The latter called up a piano store, trusting there might be somebody there he knew. As it happened there was. The manager explained the circumstances. It was explained that it was unusual to send pianos out at night.

"Can't you put it on rollers?" asked the manager. "I'll send enough porters to push it here." And it was done.

MACHINE DIGS POTATOES.

And That Isn't All, It Cleans and Sacks 'Em.

Grand Rapids, Wis.—George Kreizer of this city has completed a machine which will considerably lighten the work of the farmer.

Digging potatoes was once one of the farmer's back breaking tasks. That was in the old days when a fork was used. Now this is all changed. The Grand Rapids man's machine is drawn by a horse, digs the potatoes, cleans them and hoists them into the wagon. Another contrivance will sack the potatoes.

The machine is operated by one man. All he has to do is to drive the horse.

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"End of the Age Is the Harvest."

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"Christ Our Passover Is Sacrificed."

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"Spiritual Israel—Natural Israel."

"The Times of the Gentiles."

"Gathering the Lord's Jewels."

"Thrust In Thy Sickle."

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"What Is the Soul?"

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AN OVERSIGHT

In the last issue an oversight was made in the matter of thanking those who had so graciously helped with their services in our recent carnival. Several of those whose services were especially appreciated and who failed to receive notice of thanks are:

Mrs. Wm. Harvey, Jr.

The Literary Board.

The Los Angeles Express and Tribune, represented by J. W. Usilton.

Due to Thanksgiving day the Lyric Section of the Thursday Afternoon Club will hold their next meeting Dec. 2 at the K. P. Hall at 3 o'clock sharp. A full attendance is requested. Special program is being prepared.

Don't Overlook

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETING

Look it Over

Every Sunday evening at 6:30 in the Sunday School room of the Presbyterian Church.

Next Sunday, Nov. 22, there will be a Thanksgiving service with special music. The topic is "A Joyous Life", and the leader will be Miss Lois Duncan.

A most cordial invitation is extended to everyone, from the youngest to the oldest, to come and join us in counting our blessings.

The Christian Endeavors are planning a sunrise praise service to be enjoyed early Thanksgiving morning on the Tropico Hills.

Get up early and join us in catching the true Thanksgiving spirit.

Doffs Hat and Wins Job.

New York.—Jacob Harris, a fourteen-year-old red haired, freckle faced boy, was chosen as office boy for the president of a moving picture film company from a group of more than 100 red haired, freckle faced boys because he took his hat off when riding in the elevator with the head stenographer of the company. His employer said he advertised for a red haired, freckle faced boy because he knew that kind was not concealed.

TROPICO FAST BECOMING A MUSICAL ARTIST'S HAVEN

Another musical artist has chosen Tropico for her home. When Mr. Edwin Virden purchased the Tropico Pharmacy he became one of the progressive business men of the city, and at once decided to make his home here. But this is not all. Mr. Virden has a daughter—Miss Melicent Virden, who is one of the best known pianists in Southern California. When Miss Virden came to Tropico she at once became enthusiastic over Tropico, the City Beautiful, on account of the quiet and peaceful atmosphere, which are so conducive to the study of music. The result is that Miss Virden will make her home here also. But that's not all either. She will open up a studio at 335 Mira Loma, where she will receive pupils. Miss Virden is a pupil of Leschetizky and Rudolph Ganz.

In the very near future Tropico people will have a chance of hearing Miss Virden play, as she says she will give a concert here, and all those interested in music may attend.

SUEZ CANAL GUARDED BY BIG BRITISH FORCE

Ships and Camel Patrol's Aid Land Fortifications.

St. Louis.—British officials in the orient were not surprised when Turkey joined forces with the two kaisers. Preparations to guard the route to India were made long ago; but, owing to the strict censorship, nothing appeared in print regarding them until the other day, when a letter from Homer Croy appeared in the St. Louis Republic. Mr. Croy has hitherto been better known as a humorist than as a war correspondent, but even writing novels has not dulled his scent for news.

"The Suez canal is being guarded by the English. It not only has ships watching it and is covered by land forts, but up and down the towpath Arab drivers in the employ of the British patrol by riding camels and carrying guns. Every few miles is stationed a detachment of soldiers. These precautions are to keep the Germans from slipping up and dynamiting the canal and stopping England from bringing more troops and reinforcements from India."

"At Suez City there are a dozen German war captives in the way of cruisers. The English have painted the sides of the ships with a big capital letter and a figure, such as D-3, and use this instead of the name of the ship."

"I am now in Egypt watching and waiting my chance to get back to the United States. Never before did America look so good to me."

DYING, HE GIVES ABSOLUTION.

Tragic Story of Soldier-Priest's Last Act of Heroism.

Paris.—In the waiting room of the great railway terminus in Paris wounded soldiers were laid out on straw, waiting to be taken to the hospital. Eight of them were badly hurt, and some were evidently not long for this world.

One of them seemed to be very uneasy. A nurse went up to him and offered to arrange his bandages, but he said, "I want a confessor very badly."

"Is there a priest here?" asked the nurse.

Just then another soldier lying mortally wounded plucked the nurse by the sleeve. "Madam," he said, "I am a priest. I can give him absolution. Carry me to him."

The nurse hesitated. The second soldier was suffering from the effects of a horrible shell wound, and the least movement gave him excruciating pain. But again the feeble voice said: "You are of the faith, and you know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared with that?" And the soldier raised himself by a supreme effort to go to the side of his comrade. But the effort was vain; he had to be carried.

The confession did not take long, and the strength of the soldier-priest was ebbing rapidly away. When the time came to give absolution he made a signal to the nurse. "Help me to give the sign," he said.

The nurse held up his arm while this was being done. Death followed quickly for the priest and his penitent. They died hand in hand, while the nurse and the ambulance men fell on their knees on either side of them.

If murder is a crime what is need-less war?

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Economy Hints

A penny saved is a penny earned.—Benjamin Franklin.

REMNANTS of steak or roasts may be made into delicious stews, using savory seasonings such as a little sweet marjoram, thyme, parsley, onion salt, etc. Meat may be put through meat chopper and mixed with enough cream sauce to hold it together, well seasoned, molded into croquettes, dipped in egg and crumbs and fried in deep fat.

Hash makes a tasty breakfast or luncheon dish, with the chopped meat browned slightly in butter, nicely seasoned with salt and pepper, moistened with milk as a gravy and served with toast fingers.

Remnants of boiled or fried ham may be used in various ways. For ham timbales put ham through meat grinder and mix with one raw egg to hold meat together. Line gem tins with this mixture, pressing it well against sides and bottoms and bake slightly. Take out of oven and drop in each ham lined tin an egg, returning to oven long enough to cook the eggs. Or with a bit of ham, some cheese, a few slices of stale bread, some hot ham sandwiches can be made. Mince ham, mix with grated cheese, spread on one slice of bread, cover with another, cut in two and brown on each side in hot butter. Serve hot.

Chicken shortcake is the most palatable way to serve remnants of chicken. Free it from skin and bone and cut into small pieces. Put on to heat with enough gravy to make it quite moist. Make a short biscuit dough and roll into a cake an inch thick. Bake in quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Then split the cake and spread the hot chicken stew over lower half. Replace upper half and pour over the whole a generous amount of gravy.

Meat loaf or a boiled shoulder of smoked pork is often desirable. There is no waste whatever with the former and practically none with the latter if utilized in the right way, while both are delicious, and when served with a good salad and simple dessert form a very tempting meal. For the meat loaf have the butcher grind one pound of lean beef and one-half pound of pork. Mix together and add salt, pepper, four ground soda crackers, a small onion, one unbeaten egg and a half cupful of milk. Stir the ingredients all together and press into a bread pan. Cover the loaf with two cupsful of hot water and bake two hours in moderately hot oven, adding a little more water from time to time. When it is cold slice and serve on lettuce leaves with ketchup or chili sauce if desired.

Roll the shoulder of pork twenty minutes to the pound after having inserted about a dozen whole cloves in one side of the meat. When done allow it to remain in the water in which it was boiled until cold. The bone which is left with whatever meat cannot be cut from it will give an excellent flavor to string or butter beans if placed in the water with them while they are boiling, and they will then require very little butter if cream dressing is served on them.

LINGERIE KINKS.

How to Make Practical and Beautiful Undergarments.

Although lingerie is as conspicuously negligible as possible, it receives more consideration than ever. It is important not only that each separate article shall incorporate the minimum of weight and bulk, but also that the lines of it shall be quite perfect. There must be no unnecessary fullness in petticoats to interfere with the hang of one's skirt.

There is less call for the extremely filmy lingerie than there was. Nainsook, crepe de chine and fine linen are favored, and hand embroidery or valencienne insertions are the popular trimmings. Flounces, if there are any, are made so scant that they add nothing appreciable to the width of a skirt or pantaloons.

One of the most practical of all the various innovations in lingerie is a combination skirt and corset cover that fastens all the way down, rendering it particularly convenient for laundering.

The edges are scalloped and button holed, and there is a pretty eyelet embroidered design in Madeira handwork. The skirt is everywhere smooth fitting, while the cover has very little fullness, neatly and evenly tucked under a scalloped belt that runs only about the sides and back of the waist.

How to Repair Your Wall Paper Satisfactorily.

In many houses there are often left odd lengths of wall paper, and these should be carefully preserved. Damage may be done when moving in, or later a chair may be pushed roughly against a wall, and there is a bad tear. Get a piece of the paper, sculp the edges quite roughly and paste it over the place. The mend will be unnoticeable. But if the house is not new and the paper faded the contrast is startling. In that case put a piece of the spare wall paper out of doors in the sun for two or three days. Dampen it occasionally. All that is needed is exposure.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON
JESUS TRIED BY PILATE.
Matthew 27:11-26.—Nov. 22.

"Pilate saith unto them, What then shall I do unto Jesus, who is called Christ?"—Verse 22.

As early as possible in the morning, the chief priests hurried Jesus to the Praetorium, the judgment-hall of Pilate, Roman Governor of Judea. Pilate inquired as to what charge they had against Jesus. They evasively answered that He was worthy of punishment, else they would not accuse Him. Pilate reminded them that under the Roman usage they had great liberty in dealing with all disputes of a religious kind, and that therefore they should settle the case themselves.

The priests responded that they had no power to inflict the death penalty, thus revealing that they had deliberately plotted to have Pilate put an innocent person to death.

Then they accused Jesus of perverting the nation—telling the people not to pay taxes to Caesar and claiming to be the Jewish King—Messiah.

These were serious charges, which Pilate was bound to consider, and were totally different from those brought against Jesus at the Sanhedrin trial. Jesus made no defense; He knew that the time had come for Him to die. He would not attempt to turn aside that which He knew to be a part of the Divine Program for Him.

Jesus Before Pilate and Herod.

Another account tells that Pilate perceived that the chief priests and the Scribes were moved with envy in making their charges. But he must not appear to treat lightly the charges respecting another king than Caesar. He therefore questioned Jesus; but receiving no reply, he went out to the Scribes and Pharisees, who had refrained from entering the Praetorium because the Passover season had begun. After hearing them, apparently he returned and asked Jesus, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus inquired whether the question was based upon Pilate's knowledge of His teachings or whether upon the assertion of His enemies. Pilate replied that the chief men of Jesus' own nation had delivered Him, and that he wished to know the cause of their opposition.

Jesus answered that His Kingdom was not of this world—order of things. He was not, therefore, in conflict with Caesar. Pilate questioned Him a little further, and then went forth to the Jews, to whom he said, "I find no crime in Him." The chief priests were alarmed. They vehemently charged that Jesus was stirring up the people; and that, beginning away off in Galilee, He had preached everywhere.

When Pilate heard this, he sent Jesus to Herod, king of Galilee, who was at his palace in Jerusalem. Herod had heard many things respecting Jesus, and was curious to see Him do some miracle. Jesus made no reply to the king's questions. The chief priests and the Scribes accused Jesus violently to Herod, who sent Him back to Pilate, after having, with his soldiers, mocked our Lord and put upon Him a gorgeous robe. This act of dereliction on Pilate's part, and Herod's return of the courtesies, bridged over an enmity between the two.

Neither Pilate Nor Herod Condemned.

On several occasions Pilate had released prisoners in honor of the Passover. The multitude cheered him and inquired whether he would release some prisoner that year. Thinking to get Jesus out of the hands of the chief priests, Pilate asked the people, "Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, the highwayman, or Jesus, who is called Christ?" Incited by their religious leaders, the multitude demanded the release of Barabbas.

Pilate remonstrated, declaring that he found no cause of death in Jesus.

whom he would chastise and then release. Jesus was therefore delivered over to the Roman soldiers, who were only too willing to mock and to scourge Him. Shortly afterward, Pilate brought Him multitude. Wearing the purple robe and a crown of thorns, Jesus stood before them.

Pilate then said, "Behold the Man!" See Him whom you are trying to have me put to death. He is one of the noblest specimens of humanity. Behold the beautiful dignity of His character. Whatever you have against Him, you will feel placated when you see His humility.

But they cried, "Crucify Him!" Pilate again remonstrated. Then they came to the root of the matter—that Jesus had declared Himself to be the Son of God, an assertion which they considered blasphemy. This made Pilate all the more afraid. He thought again to release Jesus. But the Jews persisted.

Finally Pilate yielded, saying in desperation, "I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man!" They cried, "His blood be upon us and our children!" And for more than eighteen centuries it has been so.

"Don't Overlook Tropic, Look It Over."

OUR DOG VICTOR

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

I owned a dog, and I called him Victor. He was of mixed hunting breed—some setter, some spaniel and some bound. The first moment I saw him and looked into his eye I knew he was very intelligent and could be taught almost anything. I bought him for \$5 and took him home with me.

Vic became very much attached to me and I to him. I taught him various tricks which he learned very easily. I tried to train him not to bark at any and every body who came near the place, but failed. His chief delight was to go walking with me. I am fond of walking, and on those days, not being engaged in any vocation, I used to stray away miles into the country. Vic was my only companion and the only one I wished for.

Vic understood me without my explaining things to him, and his opinions did not clash with mine—that is, with two exceptions. I didn't think it proper for him to bark at every dog he came to or to tackle cats. Vic had different views in these respects and paid no attention to mine whatever.

One morning Vic was missing at the breakfast table where I was used to feeding him choice morsels of food. That was the end of him for me for a year. I advertised for him, offered a reward for him, did everything I could to get him back without avail. At last I made up my mind that he had been stolen and resolved to another locality. Then one morning he reappeared and was as delighted to get back to me as I was at his coming.

That same autumn—October—I made up my mind to take a walk of a couple of hundred miles. I laid out a course, making a circle covering the distance. I took Vic with me, of course, and never did dog enjoy an outing more. I believe that these walks were the secret of Vic's being more attached to me than to any one else, for, no matter how much any one else petted him and stuffed him with sweetmeats he would wait for hours in the hope of getting a stroll with me.

I was passing through a wood on the outskirts of a pretty village when I met a young lady who the moment she saw Vic fixed her eyes upon him intently.

"Why, Zip," she cried, "come here!" She was evidently a former acquaintance of the dog, for he bounded toward her and was glad to see her as she was to see him. When their transports had somewhat subsided I ventured to remark to the young lady:

"You two have evidently met before."

"He's my dog," she said, looking up at me, much pleased at regaining her lost property.

"Indeed!" I replied. "I thought he was mine."

"No; I bought him nearly a year ago. He was probably stolen from me."

"I bought him two years ago. He was probably stolen from me and sold to you."

That mingled look of injury, reproach and other expressions of suffering under a gross injustice was engaging. It seemed to say, "Now that I have at last found my dog surely you are not going to be so hard hearted as to separate him from me." I had a mind to play upon her feelings as I would on a musical instrument with a view to drawing out more such expressions.

"I am perfectly willing," I said, "to resign the dog to you if he will go with you."

"Of course he will come with me. He loves me as I love him."

"Very well. I bid you good morning. I am much pleased to be instrumental in returning your dog."

I lifted my hat and walked on without looking back. I had not gone far before Vic came running past me. I stopped and, turning, saw the young lady standing looking at Vic as reproachfully as she had looked at me. I called the dog and returned with him to her.

"Don't you think," I said, "that he has proved he is my property?"

"No. He has simply proved that he has been in a measure weaned from me to you."

"I think I can add to the proof he has himself offered."

Taking up a pebble, I laid it on Vic's nose and began to count. When I reached ten he tossed it in the air and caught it in his mouth. I had taught him the trick with a lump of sugar. The expression on the girl's face was delightful to see.

"I didn't know he would do that!" she exclaimed.

"If he is your dog he will perform similarly for you. Suppose you give an exhibition of some tricks you have taught him."

"I never taught him any."

"I will be generous with you. I will turn over the dog to you on condition that I be permitted to visit him as often as I like."

"That's very kind of you," she replied innocently. She evidently did not see that my purpose was to visit her as well as the dog.

I went with her to her home, where I left Vic shut up in the barn. A week had not passed before I became so anxious to see him that I could remain away from him no longer. My visits became more and more frequent till at last I forgot to ask for the dog, so engaged was I with the lady. And now, a year after the meeting with her in the woods, I have won my dog and his mistress also.

"Don't Overlook Tropic, Look It Over."

THE RURAL PASTOR

Intelligent and Consecrated Leadership the Need of the Hour.

By Peter Radford.

Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The rural pastor has greater possibilities than any other factor in our national life. The rural civilization of the Twentieth Century has opened up a new world of activities for him. There lie before him unexplored continents of usefulness, unemployed forces of civilization and tremendous responsibilities such as have never before confronted the pastor.

The need of the rural communities today is intelligent and consecrated leadership. There must be a marshaling of forces that build life, strengthen character and broaden vision. The pastor should deal with living problems. In addition to the service he now renders he should help us lift the market basket, hold out a helping hand to the farmer and develop the potential energies of the community he seeks to serve.

A More Useful Ministry.

The farmer needs the personal touch of the pastor. He seldom comes in direct contact with his halting influence, except when he is baptized, married and buried. We need to further extend Christian influence in the homes, as well as to spread the gospel in China; to instruct our children in the art of living, as well as to convert the barbarian and the Hottentot, and we should devote our energy and talent to the solution of problems of our own locality, rather than consume our energies in fighting vice and ignorance beyond our borders. It is as important that we discuss from the pulpit, the building of macadam highways from the church to our homes, as that we preach of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. It is as much a part of the duty of the pastor to exhort us to own a home while on earth as to inspire us to build a mansion in the skies and that we should construct Christian character in our own community, rather than that we fight foreign sins in other lands. We want a religion we can farm by as well as die by.

Christian Influence Needed.

There is an emptiness in the life of rural communities and we want preachers who can weave into the social fiber, educational pastimes, profitable pleasures and instructive amusements. Too often we find the games of our young people a search for a suggestion in immorality and a stepping-stone to sin. The pastor should supervise the growing lives of young people, approve their amusements, create expressions of joy and pleasure that makes for Christian character and bless their lives with Christian modesty.

The farm is the nursery of civilization, and the paragonage of all religious denominations. Too long has the farm furnished the cities with their great preachers, until today the rural church is the gangway to city pulpits. The current should be reversed. The power of the pulpit is most needed in the country where the fundamental forces of human life originate. The farm is the power-house of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble. The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close to nature. Many communities are church-ridden. We frequently have three or four churches in a community with a circuit rider once a month preaching to small congregations and all fail to perform the religious functions of the community. In many instances, more harmonious effort might result in a more efficient service. The division of religious forces and breaking into fragments of moral effort are oftentimes little less than a calamity and defeat the purposes they seek to promote.

A pastor in a neighborhood, studying the economic, social, moral and educational problems of the community, presenting fresh visions of potential possibilities and native power with beauty and new meaning, interpreting the thought-life of the community and administering to their daily needs, will contribute more toward the advancement of a locality than a dozen preachers who occupy the pulpits at irregular intervals, preaching on subjects foreign to the life of the community.

Church prejudice is a vice that saps much of the spiritual life of a community, and wasteful sectarianism is a religious crime against society. Denominational reciprocity should take its place. Non-support of church institutions and religious lethargy can often be traced to causes inherent with the church. There should be co-operation between churches and co-ordination of moral effort along economic lines, and there must be if the rural churches of this state are going to render a service which this age demands.

"DON'T COUNT FOE; BEAT HIM"

New Aphorism Added to Military History by Russian General.

London.—A Petrograd special to Reuters' Telegram company says: "In the recent fighting near Przemyśl two generals reported to their commander, the Bulgarian General Radko Dimitrieff, who is leading the Russian army investing Przemyśl, that they were unable to hold out owing to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy."

"General Dimitrieff replied with an aphorism which will doubtless become historic. He said: "Don't count the enemy; beat him."

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